

Does the Shoe Fit?

A deeper look into how princess stories have shaped both our society and our actions

**An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)**

by

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## Abstract

With the recent blockbuster hit movie, *Frozen*, and the life-action remake of a classic princess tory, *Cinderella*, it is incredibly apparent that princess stories are a major part of our society. Little girls dream of being princesses, think they can one day find their prince charming to sweep them off their feet, and that happily ever after is a realistic dream and while some of those beliefs may hold true, they have come to shape our society and actions. As a way to investigate the proliferation of the so-called princess culture, I created a unit plan designed for 11<sup>th</sup> grade students that takes a look at the men and women in different princess stories from various cultures, looks at the role of men women today, and asks students to make connections between society and the stories we have read and seen.

“All of us are princesses; some of are born, others of us are made.” – Carla Ball

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## Acknowledgments

I would like to thank Professor McCauliff for advising me with this project and sticking with me and my goal, even through the hectic time that is student teaching. Her help, guidance, support, and knowledge have been paramount in the completion of this thesis and I could not have done it without her.

I would like to thank Steve, Beth, Carla, and George for pushing me to finish this thesis and for the constant reminder that they love me and know I can accomplish whatever I set my mind to.

## **Author Statement**

For my senior thesis I sought out to create a piece of work that embodied my learning over the past four years and connected to my future after graduating from Ball State University. As I am a Secondary English Education major, it only seemed fitting that I would create what is arguably my “dream unit”, the unit that if given time and resources and approval I would love to teach. By creating this unit plan, I was able to highlight my strengths as a future educator by combining all that I have learned in my classes, but while adding some of myself into the unit by selecting a topic I was most interested in looking at further. In a perfect world, my class would have been studying the forces and beliefs that shape our culture and societal norms already and thus my unit would fit right in. My unit addressing the story of Cinderella and how our society has taken the concept of the princess/prince and changed it into a culture that dictates and prescribes actions and beliefs has been designed for an eleventh grade general education classroom with a large emphasis on communication skills.

Within this specific unit, we will focus primarily on class discussion as a means to communicate ideas regarding personal opinions, researched concepts, and critiques of the status quo. The unit begins by relating to “familiar, prior information” the students have in an attempt to create a meaningful learning environment that will have long terms benefits and connections (7). This connecting to prior information is not something that is unique to the first lesson of the unit; it is instead a method I worked to apply to the

majority of my lessons within the unit so that each lesson built upon the previous one and connected seamlessly for the best chance for understanding and knowledge to occur.

The overall goal of my unit was to create students who were able to view the world around them and feel confident enough to question the way things are and what makes them so. The way I went about this was by working towards creating the best possible literary instruction by addressing the different features of an effective literary instruction plan according to Jim Burke. These features include students learning skills and knowledge in multiple lesson types, teachers integrating test preparations into instruction, teachers making connections across instruction, curriculum, grades, and life, students learning strategies for doing the work, students being expected to be generative thinkers, and classrooms fostering cognitive collaboration (23). I created lessons in varied methods and approaches to appeal to the largest number of students and find a way to reach each student and involve them all in the process of thinking and discussing, as the ultimate goal for me as a teacher is to foster an environment where students can openly discuss and create meaning together and independently. Another aspect of my unit that works to foster this environment is giving students the ability to connect what we are reading and learning in the classroom to their lives outside of the school walls as well. A final aspect of my unit that connects with the overall goal of creating students who can participate in society as critical thinkers and can critique societal norms is that students work together in class discussions that involve small and large groups to challenge what others say and reach towards new meanings and understandings.



At the heart of my unit is a desire to create an atmosphere in which students are not merely studying a specific literacy work, but are instead looking at a variety of texts as a way to ultimately work towards the creation of meaning.

### **References Used**

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**Table of Contents\***

Abstract and Acknowledgements . . . . . i

Author Statement . . . . . ii

Table of Contents. . . . . v

Unit Goals . . . . . 1

List of Texts Used: In Order of Use . . . . . 2

Sources Accessed from. . . . . 3

Plan for Evaluation. . . . . 4

Final Project Handout. . . . . 5

Final Project Rubric. . . . . 6

Planning Calendar. . . . . 7

**Lesson Plans**

Week 1-Day 1 . . . . . 11

Week 1- Day 2. . . . . 13

Week 1- Day 3. . . . . 15

Week 1- Day 4. . . . . 17

Week 1- Day 5. . . . . 19

Week 2- Day 1. . . . . 21

Week 2- Day 2. . . . . 23

Week 2- Day 3. . . . . 25

Week 2- Day 4. . . . . 27

Week 2- Day 5. . . . . 29

Week 3- Day 1. . . . . 31

Week 3- Day 2. . . . . 32

Week 3- Day 3. . . . . 34

Week 3- Day 4. . . . . 36

Week 3- Day 5. . . . . 38

Week 4- Day 1. . . . . 39

Week 4- Day 2. . . . . 41

Week 4- Day 3 . . . . .	42
Week 4- Day 4 . . . . .	43
Week 4- Day 5 . . . . .	44

**\*Supplemental materials (readings, handouts, etc.) will not have page numbers, with the exception of the final project explanation and rubric. Only the lesson plans, unit goals, plans for evaluation, sources, and the unit calendar will have page numbers.**

## **Unit Goals**

1. Students read a range of print texts to build an understanding of themselves and of the culture of the United States.
2. Students conduct research on issues and their interests by generating ideas and questions and posing problems. Students gather, evaluate, and synthesize data from a variety of sources to communicate their discoveries in ways that suit their purpose.
3. Students draw on prior experiences, their interactions with other readers, and their knowledge of other texts to comprehend, interpret, and evaluate new texts.
4. Students participate as knowledgeable, reflective, creative, and critical members of a literary community.

## List of Texts Used: In Order of Use

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Prince Charming Coloring Page for “Idea Man”-

<https://s-media-cache->

<ak0.pinimg.com/originals/a8/be/aa/a8beaa1a1ad33f16e0243d62c8d0f3f6.jpg>

Three Circle Venn Diagram-

<http://www.docstoc.com/docs/33916639/Three-way-venn-diagram>

## **Plan for Evaluation**

Homework                      5 points each- 40 points

Quick Writes                5 points each- 60 points

Participation                              20 points

Final Project                              80 points

Total Points:                              200 points

## ***Final Project: What Sort of Princess/Prince Are You?***

Your task is to look back at all that we have read and learned and discussed in this unit about Cinderella and princesses (princes) in an effort to solidify your own beliefs and thoughts in regards to what traits a princess (prince) must possess. You may pull your influence from anything we have talked about or read. However, you can also pull inspiration and knowledge from your personal experiences outside of the classroom. I do not mind where you find inspiration as long as it helps you to determine the most important and prevalent traits of a princess (prince).

The success of your project will come from how well you can compare the traditional traits you feel princesses (princes) would need to have to the ways in which either you yourself are and are not princess-like (prince-like), or how females (males) in general of our current society are and are not princess-like (prince-like). It is not enough to only discuss what the traits are for being a princess (prince), nor is it acceptable to only discuss how you or females (males) in general, are or are not princess-like (prince-like). There must be a balance between these concepts for your project to really succeed.

### ***Assignment Specifics***

#### ***Part 1- List***

You will need to create two separate lists- one in which you specify the traits you think a princess (prince) needs to have, either traditionally or more modernly, and one in which you list how you, or females (males) in society today, are or are not princesses (princes) using these same traits.

This portion of the project is worth 20 points.

#### ***Part 2- Presentation***

After you have created the two lists of traits, you must create a 4 to 5 minute presentation in which you explain your thought process for what traits you selected as being part of the princess (prince) identity and then show how you (or females (males) in our society) are and are not like this image. During this presentation, you need to go beyond just listing and instead use personal stories and experiences that connect your stance with your life and make the presentation more meaningful and engaging.

This portion of the project is worth 40 points.

#### ***Part 3- Paragraph***

The last step of the project is to write a paragraph in which you reflect on your overall ability to present your opinions, the lists you created originally, and the overall lessons you learned from the process and the unit itself. This reflection should be insightful and prove that you do have an understanding of princess culture and how Cinderella stories have shaped our ways of thinking in regards to what females (males) need to do and act like.

This portion of the project is worth 20 points.

There will be many opportunities to work on this project in class and get assistance from peers and me as the teacher, however this project will require you to spend time outside of class to complete this.



	4-5 points	3-4 points	2-3 points	1-2 points
Delivery	The delivery is engaging and unique, it draws the audience in and flows smoothly throughout the presentation. Word choices, style, tone, rate of speech are all excellent and contribute to the overall feeling of the speech.	The delivery is engaging and keeps the audience's attention mostly throughout the presentation. There is a moderately smooth flow throughout. Word choices, tone, rate of speech work well to accomplish the aims of the speech.	The delivery is dry and only keeps the audience's attention from time to time during the presentation. The flow of the speech is interrupted frequently and the word choices, tone, and rate of speech do not add to the overall feeling of the speech.	The delivery does not work for the situation at all and the audience is never drawn in to the presentation. There is no real flow of speech and the word choices, tone, and rate of speech take away from the speech.
Content	The content of the speech is compelling and connects in innovative ways to the course materials and discussions.	The content of the speech is interesting and connects to the course materials and discussions.	The content of the speech is acceptable and occasionally connects to course materials and discussions.	The content of the speech is lacking and there are no connections to course materials and discussions.
Evidence	The speaker uses evidence to support their stance and decisions in captivating and new ways. There are multiple instances where evidence is used in the speech.	The speaker uses evidence to support their stance and decisions in interesting ways. There are a few moments where evidence is used.	The speaker occasionally uses evidence to support their stance and decisions. There is one moment where evidence is used.	The speaker does not use evidence in any way for any purpose.
Preparedness/ Timeliness/ effort	The speaker seems to have a full handle on the presentation and it seems as though they are completely in control of the speech and its progression. It is obvious that the speaker put a good amount of effort into this. The presentation is delivered on time with all aspects present in their entirety.	The speaker seems to be mostly prepared to give the speech, yet there are moments where the speech loses its groove. It is apparent that effort exists for the speaker, however the effort could be increased. The presentation is delivered on time, with all aspects present although not completely finalized.	The speaker does not seem to be prepared for the presentation and the speech rarely finds its stride. It is somewhat obvious that the speaker put in effort for the presentation. The presentation is either not on time or all aspects are not present.	The speaker is not prepared at all. There is no effort from the speaker. The presentation is both not on time and has aspects missing.

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
WEEK 1	<p>Frontloading Unit Quiz: Which Disney Princess Are You? Cinderella Idea Man</p> <p>Hw- finish Idea Man if not done</p>	<p>Frontloading Unit Quiz: Which Disney Prince Are You? "10 Disney Princes and Whether or Not You Should Marry Them" Prince Charming Idea Man</p> <p>HW: finish Idea Man if not done</p>	<p>Go over Idea Men Discuss Popcorn read Grimm's Fairy Tales <i>Cinderella</i> Discuss the reading and how we have/have not changed over time</p>	<p>Read Atlantic article- "Princesses Can..." QW: select one statement and either agree or disagree Compare these responses to Grimm's story : male's role :female's role Begin reading <i>The Indian Cinderella</i></p> <p>Hw: finish reading and write a list of moments/ideas that are important to note</p>	<p>Check for homework completion Read <i>The Green Knight</i> Students create a scene from this story and a scene from one of the other stories and compare them, both in words and in images</p> <p>Hw: 3 circle Venn diagram should be filled out with one circle being the students' own view of world/Cinderella and two of the three stories are used for the other 2 circles</p>

WEEK 2	<p>QW: If you were in a situation where people expected you to help them/so something for them on a regular basis, how would you react? Do those sorts of things happen today? Provide examples.</p> <p>Collect homework</p> <p>Discuss the issues with modernizing stories and how certain moments/concepts don't translate well</p> <p>Hw: read <i>A Modern Cinderella</i> up to "How it was found" and fill out handout</p>	<p>Collect homework</p> <p>Concentrate lesson on vocabulary within the story- does it have to be understood word for word to get the meaning of the story?</p> <p>Address similarities between this story and the original version</p> <p>Hw: finish reading the story and create a T chart addressing character traits and gender</p>	<p>QW: What traits are most valuable in someone? Are they linked to gender? Why/why not?</p> <p>As a class, create lists from the story of girl traits and boy traits, then lists from real life of boy traits, girl traits, and universal traits</p> <p>Post-it note activity with traits</p> <p>Begin activity with reading character excerpts and identifying gender without knowing.</p>	<p>Continue activity with characters and gender from yesterday</p> <p>Give HW: create a bio/profile following traditional traits and one that breaks from stereotypes</p> <p>Qw: create a list of at least three ways we can see our society being influenced by the story of Cinderella</p> <p>Discuss</p> <p>Select one item from your QW list and explain why it is the most important way society has been influenced</p> <p>From this list, students select one topic and research it using a handout as a guide</p> <p>Their findings will be shared with the class beginning today</p> <p>Hw: If not done with research, students must finish</p>	<p>Begin with student presentations</p> <p>Turn in HW</p> <p>QW: What toy do you remember being your favorite when you were little? What color/s was it?</p> <p>Create a class generated list of words that are used in toy packaging and advertisements</p> <p>Read Word Cloud article and compare class list of words to list in article</p> <p>What words have negative meanings versus good meanings? Does it matter what words are attributed to a toy when it comes to who buys it and plays with it?</p> <p>Hw: students fill out handout dealing with toy packaging and advertisements</p>
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<p><b>WEEK 3</b></p>	<p>Pass in homework for a completion grade</p> <p>QW: Now that we have read about Cinderella and princesses from a long time ago, and begin to look at the princess culture of today, what are some words that describe a princess then and a princess now? Are there any that are the same? Any that are different?</p> <p>Watch YouTube video Create class list of traits that a princess has according to the video and their QW's Introduce the final project- hand out the write-up of the final project</p> <p>Hw: read excerpt from <i>How To Be a Woman</i></p>	<p>QW: All movies teach us something even if we do not realize it at the time. True or false? Explain why Share QW responses Watch YouTube video Compare similarities and differences in what the video talked about and the quick writes Create a list of movies and narrow them down to the top three Apply the Bechdel test, do any pass? What lessons do these movies teach? do they reinforce or break gender stereotypes?</p>	<p>Students read "Congratulations, Television! You Are Even Worse at Masculinity Than Femininity" and "Can Superheroes Hurt Boys' Mental Health?"</p> <p>Student discussion about the readings is governed by three index card rule</p> <p>Exit ticket: If you had to choose either being a "real man" or a "gentleman", which would you want to be and why?</p> <p>HW: Men in Pop Culture Read 1 of the 2 articles: "Deconstructing Prince Charming" "Princess culture turning girls into overspending narcissists"</p>	<p>"Deconstructing Prince Charming" and "Princess culture turning girls into overspending narcissists" Student discussion about the readings is governed by three index card rule Divide class into two groups for a debate the next day about which group, males or females, are portrayed in a worse light in pop culture.</p> <p>Begin the research process</p> <p>Hw: finish preparing for the debate the next day</p>	<p>Student debate on the idea of which group, males or females, is treated worse in pop culture treatment.</p> <p>Any remaining time following this will be given for final project questions and work</p>
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WEEK 4	<p>QW: What is one way gender has limited you in some way? Be specific. If you feel it has not, what is one way that is could limit someone?</p> <p>Men in Pop Culture due Pair-Share discussion over what we found</p> <p>QW: Out of all the men in pop culture that you have seen or heard about, which one can you identify most with? Why? Which one can you identify least with? Why?</p> <p>Preparation time given for the final project</p>	Presentations	Presentations	Presentations	<p>Wrapping up Unit Cinderella "Idea Man" using the female of today as the subject</p> <p>QW: after comparing the initial Idea Man with the new one, write what similarities and differences there are and which one seems to best explain the females of our society?</p> <p>Introduce the next unit</p>
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## Lesson Plan

### Week 1-Day 1

#### Focus:

This lesson begins the unit of study using Cinderella as a lens through which to view our society and actions today. During this lesson, students will connect what they have experience with to the topics at hand and begin this journey by taking quizzes, talking over the information they can draw upon, and creating an image to represent their current beliefs.

#### Objectives:

1. Students will be able to describe the attributes they believe a princess must possess, combining the literature from the quiz with their own opinions.

#### Materials:

Quiz: <http://www.buzzfeed.com/mccarricksean/which-disney-princes-are-you>

Computer

Cinderella image for “Idea Man” activity

#### Strategies:

Activating Prior Knowledge

Class Generation of List

Idea Man

#### Procedure:

1. Begin class by passing out laptops or taking students to computer lab, depending on which is available.
2. Students are given the web address for the quiz to determine which Disney princess they are most like. Tell students that they are determining which princess they are most like before the unit to have a way to understand the material more and connect to the topics we will discuss for the next several weeks.
3. Once all students are done taking the quiz and are aware of which princess they are, ask for feedback on which princess people got and how they felt about it (was it what they expected, do they agree/disagree with it, were they wanting their result to be something else, etc.).
4. Combining the reading and the quiz, ask students what they think of when they think of princesses- either personal opinions or ones based from the literature we have looked at. These can be specific traits or attributes, but NOT appearance based or related to visible things. Write all of these down on the board as a running list.
5. Once the list is completed, create a second list that is created from what students see in their minds when they think of a princess.
  - a. How do they look?
  - b. What do they wear?
  - c. What behaviors do they have?
  - d. Etc.

6. After both lists are created and on the board, pass out one Cinderella image for each student. They are given the task of creating an “idea man” on this image. Specific directions for creating this idea man are that students will create a physical representation of their original thoughts and opinions before we begin as a class to address the questions that Cinderella and princess culture create. The feet of Cinderella are to be filled out with words that you think is what grounds a princess, what ties them to where they are in life. The head is for words that show what the princess thinks and dreams about, their goals and aspirations. The arms are for their actions they do and the ones that are expected of them. The heart region is reserved for what the princess feels the most close to, what drives them, what/who they love, who they are at their core.
7. If students do not finish these, they become homework that will be brought back to class the next day and given a completion grade. (We will be using them again on Day 3 of this week)

**Assessment:**

1. I will know students can determine the traits and aspects of princesses by reading the class generated list and reading the Cinderella “Idea Men” students create.





## Lesson Plan

### Week 1-Day 2

#### Focus:

This lesson begins the unit of study using Cinderella as a lens through which to view our society and actions today. During this lesson, students will connect what they have experience with to the topics at hand and begin this journey by taking a quiz, reading an article, talking over the information they can draw upon, and creating an image to represent their current beliefs.

#### Objectives:

1. Students will be able to describe the attributes they believe a prince must possess, based off of personal beliefs and what we read/look at together.

#### Materials:

Quiz: <http://www.chacha.com/quiz/622/which-disney-prince-are-you/5713>

Article: "10 Disney Princes and Whether or Not You Should Marry Them"

Computer

Prince Charming image for "Idea Man" activity

#### Strategies:

Activating Prior Knowledge

Class Generation of List

Idea Man

#### Procedure:

1. Begin class by passing out laptops or taking students to computer lab, depending on which is available.
2. Students are given the web address for the quiz to determine which Disney prince they are most like. Tell students that they are determining which prince they are most like before the unit to have a way to understand the material more and connect to the topics we will discuss for the next several weeks.
3. Once all students are done taking the quiz and are aware of which prince they are, ask for feedback on which prince people got and how they felt about it (was it what they expected, do they agree/disagree with it, were they wanting their result to be something else, etc.).
4. Pass out article "10 Disney Princes and Whether or Not You Should Marry Them". Have students silently read this article on their own, highlighting points that explain the personality or traits of a specific prince.
5. Combining the reading and the quiz, ask students what they think of when they think of princes- either personal opinions or ones based from the literature we have looked at. These can be specific traits or attributes, but NOT appearance based or related to visible things. Write all of these down on the board as a running list.
6. Once the list is completed, create a second list that is created from what students see in their minds when they think of a prince.

- a. How do they look?
  - b. What do they wear?
  - c. What behaviors do they have?
  - d. Etc.
7. After both lists are created and on the board, pass out one Prince Charming image for each student. They are given the task of creating an “idea man” on this image. Specific directions for creating this idea man are that students will create a physical representation of their original thoughts and opinions before we begin as a class to address the questions that Cinderella and princess culture create. The feet of Prince Charming are to be filled out with words that you think is what grounds a prince, what ties them to where they are in life. The head is for words that show what the prince thinks and dreams about, their goals and aspirations. The arms are for their actions they do and the ones that are expected of them. The heart region is reserved for what the prince feels the most close to, what drives them, what/who they love, who they are at their core.
8. If students do not finish these, they become homework that will be brought back to class the next day and given a completion grade.

**Assessment:**

1. I will know students can determine the traits and aspects of a prince by reading the class generated list and reading the Prince Charming “Idea Man” students create.

JANUARY 17, 2012

## 10 Disney Princes And Whether Or Not You Should Marry Them

Chelsea Fagan

*We all know that no one is more of a model for your own future knight-in-shining-armor than a good, old-fashioned Disney Prince. While some may be less desirable than others, for a variety of reasons, we know that at the end of the day, they are the kind of guy you will ride off into the sunset with and, according to their movies, literally never encounter a single problem with. What kind of real-life guy could offer such stability? None. Here, a guide for your future animated romances.*

### 1. Prince Charming, *Cinderella*

Arguably the original Prince, the one whose romantic decision-making skills rest largely on whether or not your foot is cute, Charming presents the kind of guy you should only be with if you are looking to move up socially. Most similar to a real Prince, in that he's suffering from intense family pressure to marry, and he's definitely not interested in being seen with your ugly sisters, it seems logical that a girl looking to get a nice-sized ring put on it would choose Charming. But beware, as a guy so easily swayed by his foot fetish is likely not going to hold out well in the long-term, what with calluses and everything.

Husband Material Rating: 6/10

### 2. Beast, *Beauty and the Beast*

I know that some of you take your issues with the Beast and his willingness to submit the village bettie to Stockholm Syndrome so easily, but give the guy a break. You've been locked in a gothic castle for 20-some years with a bunch of singing furniture, you tell me you won't take the first thing that walks by your front yard and make it come play some card games with you, even against their will. Regardless of problematic plot points, though, all is inherently forgiven the second he gives that girl a library. Come on, a library. And then as if that weren't enough, he almost dies for her, and turns into this super-hot guy with that whole sexy



Renaissance long-hair look. Keeper if I've ever saw one.  
Husband Material Rating 10/10

### 3. Aladdin, *Aladdin*

As we all know, the best bread is by far some market bread, freshly stolen by the hot, shirtless town thief and his sassy monkey. Though it's never fully explained why he was so politically opposed to a shirt, but a firm advocate of the tiny purple vest, we're not here to judge the boy's fashion sense. I know he essentially used limitless world power to woo a less personable Kim Kardashian, but I remain a firm believer that if he'd gotten her sooner, he would have done something slightly more productive with his wishes. Also, unlimited carpet rides, if you know what I mean, ladiesssss.  
Husband Material Rating 7/10

### 4. Robin Hood, *Robin Hood*

While it's clear that, if he were around today, Robin Hood would be the most insufferable of all the Occupy Wall Street protesters, seeing him in his adorable forest context makes you forget his half-baked political ideologies. The guy knew his way around a bow and arrow, he wasn't afraid to stick it to that pretentious fop of a king, and he carried around satchels of gold coins — by far the most badass way to transport your money. Plus, let's be honest, the guy was a total fox. (AMIRITE?! AMIRITE?!)  
Husband Material Rating: 5/10

### 5. John Smith, *Pocahontas*

Imagine that one really super bigoted, ignorant, conservative white-guy in your sociology class who's just such an enormous ass about everything and you're forced to explain the most basic concepts to him. Like, he's the one insisting being gay is a choice and the Native Americans were best friends with the pilgrims. Now, after you explain everything to him, he's surprisingly

receptive and learns to accept that the world around him isn't just one giant Denny's. But this is, of course, after a semester of painful coaxing and cajoling. But the thing is, he's incredibly hot. Is this worth it to you? Probably not.

Husband Material Rating: 3/10

#### 6. Li Shang, *Mulan*

Professional panty dropper from ancient China, Shang, is the kind of man that will whip a troop of nerds into shape and then turn around and semi-fall in love with what he clearly thinks is a guy. He's a Renaissance man in every sense of the world, and isn't going to let a silly thing like gender presentation get in the way of wanting to nail the most admirable of his soldiers. Not to mention, when we don't have to look at Donny Osmond, his singing voice is like warm butter melting over your ears. Mysterious as the dark side of the moooooon, indeed.

Husband Material Rating: 9/10

#### 7. Prince Eric, *The Little Mermaid*

Trying my best not to be influenced by his adorable Old English Sheepdog, it must be said that Eric is fairly lame as far as Princes go. Sure, he's rich and has a sweet castle on the beach and what is hands-down the nicest dining room in Disney history, but what Prince doesn't have tons of material stuff? What makes Eric such a disappointment is how inactive he is throughout the whole thing. Even a troupe of singing waterfowl wasn't enough to get him to make out in the boat, he thinks that the evil singing brunette is his girl when the one who saved him was CLEARLY a ginger, and he remains largely indecisive about everything through the story. And let's be honest, would you really trust a guy who's ready to marry a girl who's literally never spoken to him after at least 10 dates? No, you wouldn't.

Husband Material Rating: 2/10



### 8. Prince Naveen, *The Princess and the Frog*

Alright, so you won't be getting the fortune that normally comes with marrying a prince, but you will be getting a guy that is both super beautiful and willing to give up that beauty to live with you as a frog, if the occasion calls for it. A frog, in a part of America that regularly eats frogs. He's that into it. And while he is a little high-maintenance, if you're willing to put in a little work, that penny will shine up bright and new — just in time for you two to go in together on a charming diner and become that cute old couple that runs a restaurant. Who doesn't want that?

Husband Material Rating: 8/10

### 9. Hercules, *Hercules*

Anyone who would choose Meg is good enough for me, hands down, but if you needed another reason — talk about marrying into a good family. Who doesn't want Rip Torn as your all-powerful father, and a flying horse for transportation? Come on. Not to mention, this pretty packaged packed a pair of pretty pecs. You've really won at life if your husband has his face plastered all over Athens and is followed by a Greek chorus that zestily outline his exploits. Who doesn't want that little short one to emphasize all the funny things you do? No one.

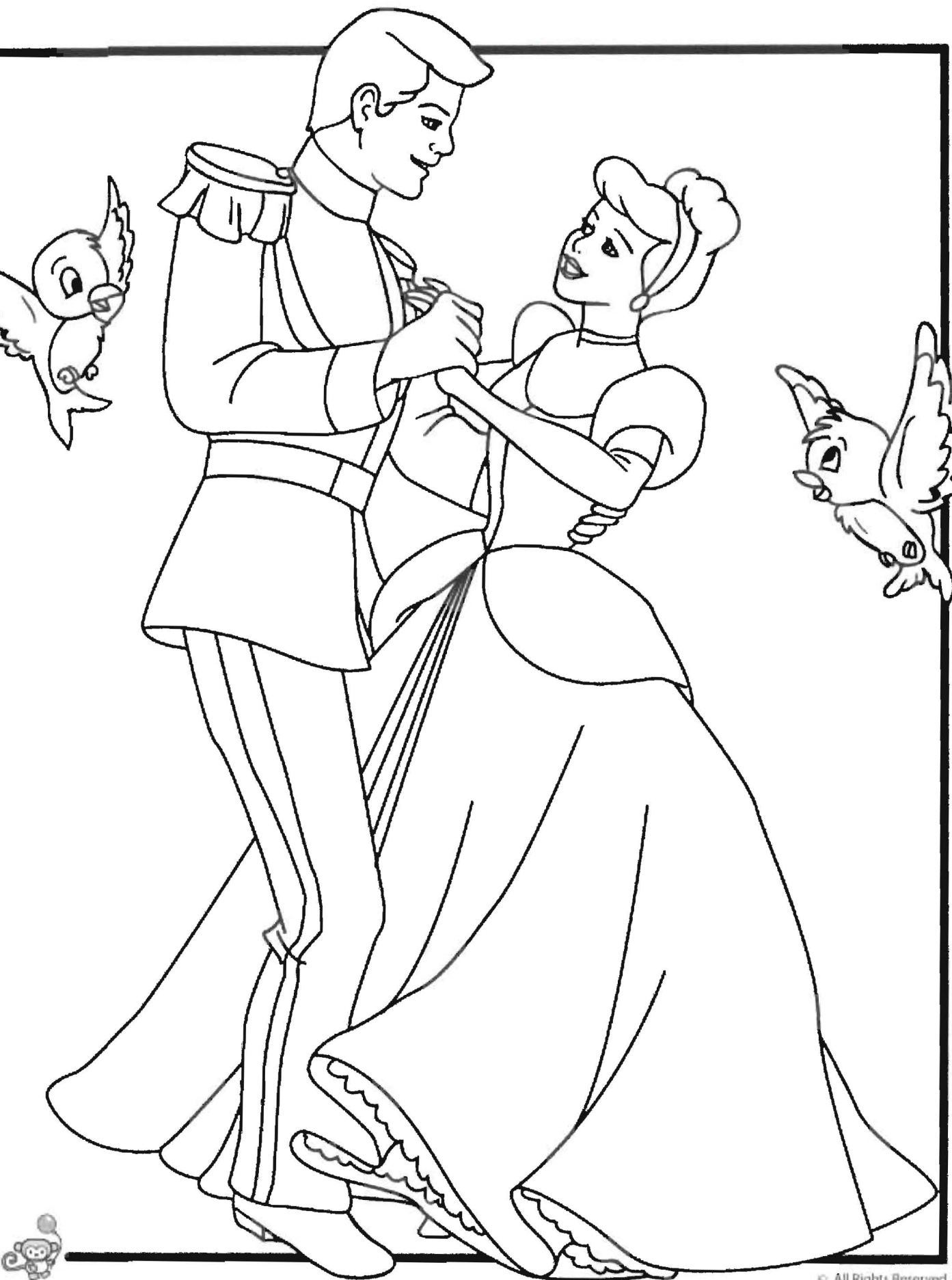
Husband Material Rating: 9/10

### 10. Tarzan, *Tarzan*

Let's be real for a second, Tarzan probably doesn't smell super good. That whole "rugged wild man" charm only goes so far — at least Bear Grylls takes a shower once in a while. Be that as it may, there are certainly fewer things more appealing than a man who can surf his way around a jungle canopy while wrestling panthers and looking at you with big brown eyes behind some solid white boy dreadlocks. He's the ultimate gross hippy that's so hot it kind of works for him, and I'm sure we could all find the patience to

teach him his table manners if he promised to continue wearing a loincloth. These are the kinds of compromises one must make in any good Disney marriage.

Husband Material Rating: 7/10





## Lesson Plan

### Week 1- Day 3

#### Focus:

This lesson comes as the second lesson for the unit and will bring the students' reading and inquiry towards Cinderella. We will be beginning the discussion of Grimm's Cinderella and progress from this point forward in time.

#### Objectives:

1. Students will be able to extrapolate their own beliefs and knowledge to apply it to other materials and texts.

#### Materials:

Cinderella "Idea Man"

Prince Charming "Idea Man"

Grimm's Fairy Tales *Cinderella*

#### Strategies:

Small Group Discussion

Oral Reading

Class Discussion

#### Procedure:

1. Ask each student to pull out their homework (the Cinderella and Prince Charming they filled with words) and divide into groups of four according to which desks are closest to each other.
2. Once in these groups, ask students to share what they created to each other and explain their decisions in what words they selected. Before breaking students back out of the groups, tell them that as a group, they will be sharing one word and its placement they think is most interesting or important to note. The person sharing does not have to be the person who created that specific Cinderella, but they will need to be able to articulate the thought behind it.
3. After all groups have shared one item they wanted to note, move on to beginning the historical readings that will show the beginning of the princess culture we have/or do not have depending on your interpretation. Pass out a copy of *Cinderella* to each student.
4. Popcorn read this story in class, beginning with the teacher as the first reader.
5. Once the reading is over, discuss how, based on what students believe and understand is the society now and the society from this time, we have changed.
  - a. Is there an advantage to either, a drawback to either society?
  - b. Would you want to go back to the Cinderella from Grimm's fairy tales or keep with the Disney version we have today?
  - c. What is the male role versus the female role?
  - d. Would the story still exist without the prince?
  - e. How can we tie our understanding and thinking of a princess to a cultural artifact or object?

**Assessment:**

1. I will know students can extrapolate their own beliefs and prior knowledge to current texts by listening to class discussion.

1812

## GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

### CINDERELLA

*Jacob Ludwig Grimm and Wilhelm Carl Grimm*

Grimm, Jacob (1785-1863) and Wilhelm (1786-1859) - German philologists whose collection "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," known in English as "Grimm's Fairy Tales," is a timeless literary masterpiece. The brothers transcribed these tales directly from folk and fairy stories told to them by common villagers. Cinderella (1812) - The famous tale of a girl who is mistreated by her evil step-mother and step-sisters but goes on to marry the prince. This, the original "Cindrella," differs greatly from many of its modern variations.

### CINDERELLA

THERE WAS once a rich man whose wife lay sick, and when she felt her end drawing near she called to her only daughter to come near her bed, and said, "Dear child, be good and pious, and God will always take care of you, and I will look down upon you from heaven, and will be with you." And then she closed her eyes and died. The maiden went every day to her mother's grave and wept, and was always pious and good. When the winter came the snow covered the grave with a white covering, and when the sun came in the early spring and melted it away, the man took to himself another wife.

The new wife brought two daughters home with her, and they were beautiful and fair in appearance, but at heart were black and ugly. And then began very evil times for the poor step-daughter.

"Is the stupid creature to sit in the same room with us?" said they; "those who eat food must earn it. She is nothing but a kitchen-maid!" They took away her pretty dresses, and put on her an old gray kirtle, and gave her wooden shoes to wear.

"Just look now at the proud princess, how she is decked out!" cried they laughing, and then they sent her into the kitchen. There she was obliged to do heavy work from morning to night, get up early in the morning, draw water, make the fires, cook, and wash. Besides that, the sisters did their utmost to torment her- mocking

her, and strewing peas and lentils among the ashes, and setting her to pick them up. In the evenings, when she was quite tired out with her hard day's work, she had no bed to lie on, but was obliged to rest on the hearth among the cinders. And because she always looked dusty and dirty, as if she had slept in the cinders, they named her Cinderella.

It happened one day that the father went to the fair, and he asked his two stepdaughters what he should bring back for them. "Fine clothes!" said one. "Pearls and jewels!" said the other. "But what will you have, Cinderella?" said he. "The first twig, father, that strikes against your hat on the way home; that is what I should like you to bring me." So he bought for the two step-daughters fine clothes, pearls, and jewels, and on his way back, as he rode through a green lane, a hazel twig struck against his hat; and he broke it off and carried it home with him. And when he reached home he gave to the step-daughters what they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the hazel twig. She thanked him, and went to her mother's grave, and planted this twig there, weeping so bitterly that the tears fell upon it and watered it, and it flourished and became a fine tree. Cinderella went to see it three times a day, and wept and prayed, and each time a white bird rose up from the tree, and if she uttered any wish the bird brought her whatever she had wished for.

Now it came to pass that the King ordained a festival that should last for three days, and to which all the beautiful young women of that country were bidden, so that the King's son might choose a bride from among them. When the two stepdaughters heard that they too were bidden to appear, they felt very pleased, and they called Cinderella and said, "Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and make our buckles fast, we are going to the wedding feast at the King's castle." When she heard this, Cinderella could not help crying, for she too would have liked to go to the dance, and she begged her step-mother to allow her.

"What! You Cinderella!" said she, "in all your dust and dirt, you want to go to the festival! you that have no dress and no shoes! you want to dance!" But as she persisted in asking, at last the step-mother said, "I have strewed a dishful of lentils in the ashes, and if you can pick them all up again in two hours you may go with us." Then the maiden went to the back-door that led into the garden, and called out, "O gentle doves, O turtle-doves, And all the birds that be, The lentils that in ashes lie Come and pick up for me! The good must be put in the dish, The bad you may eat if you wish." Then there came to the kitchen-window two white doves, and after

them some turtle-doves, and at last a crowd of all the birds under heaven, chirping and fluttering, and they alighted among the ashes; and the doves nodded with their heads, and began to pick, peck, pick, peck, and then all the others began to pick, peck, pick, peck, and put all the good grains into the dish. Before an hour was over all was done, and they flew away.

Then the maiden brought the dish to her step-mother, feeling joyful, and thinking that now she should go to the feast; but the step-mother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no proper clothes, and you do not know how to dance, and you would be laughed at!" And when Cinderella cried for disappointment, she added, "If you can pick two dishes full of lentils out of the ashes, nice and clean, you shall go with us," thinking to herself, "for that is not possible." When she had strewed two dishes full of lentils among the ashes the maiden went through the back-door into the garden, and cried, "O gentle doves, O turtle-doves, And all the birds that be, The lentils that in ashes lie Come and pick up for me! The good must be put in the dish, The bad you may eat if you wish."

So there came to the kitchen-window two white doves, and then some turtledoves, and at last a crowd of all the other birds under heaven, chirping and fluttering, and they alighted among the ashes, and the doves nodded with their heads and began to pick, peck, pick, peck, and then all the others began to pick, peck, pick, peck, and put all the good grains into the dish. And before half-an-hour was over it was all done, and they flew away. Then the maiden took the dishes to the step-mother, feeling joyful, and thinking that now she should go with them to the feast; but she said, "All this is of no good to you; you cannot come with us, for you have no proper clothes, and cannot dance; you would put us to shame." Then she turned her back on poor Cinderella and made haste to set out with her two proud daughters.

And as there was no one left in the house, Cinderella went to her mother's grave, under the hazel bush, and cried, "Little tree, little tree, shake over me, That silver and gold may come down and cover me."

Then the bird threw down a dress of gold and silver, and a pair of slippers embroidered with silk and silver. And in all haste she put on the dress and went to the festival. But her step-mother and sisters did not know her, and thought she must be a foreign Princess, she looked so beautiful in her golden dress. Of Cinderella they never thought at all, and supposed that she was sitting at home, and picking the lentils out of the ashes. The King's son came

to meet her, and took her by the hand and danced with her, and he refused to stand up with any one else, so that he might not be obliged to let go her hand; and when any one came to claim it he answered, "She is my partner." And when the evening came she wanted to go home, but the Prince said he would go with her to take care of her, for he wanted to see where the beautiful maiden lived. But she escaped him, and jumped up into the pigeon-house. Then the Prince waited until the father came, and told him the strange maiden had jumped into the pigeon-house. The father thought to himself, "It surely cannot be Cinderella," and called for axes and hatchets, and had the pigeon-house cut down, but there was no one in it. And when they entered the house there sat Cinderella in her dirty clothes among the cinders, and a little oil-lamp burnt dimly in the chimney; for Cinderella had been very quick, and had jumped out of the pigeon-house again, and had run to the hazel bush; and there she had taken off her beautiful dress and had laid it on the grave, and the bird had carried it away again, and then she had put on her little gray kirtle again, and had sat down in the kitchen among the cinders.

The next day, when the festival began anew, and the parents and step-sisters had gone to it, Cinderella went to the hazel bush and cried, "Little tree, little tree, shake over me, That silver and gold may come down and cover me."

Then the bird cast down a still more splendid dress than on the day before.

And when she appeared in it among the guests every one was astonished at her beauty. The Prince had been waiting until she came, and he took her hand and danced with her alone. And when any one else came to invite her he said, "She is my partner." And when the evening came she wanted to go home, and the Prince followed her, for he wanted to see to what house she belonged; but she broke away from him, and ran into the garden at the back of the house. There stood a fine large tree, bearing splendid pears; she leapt as lightly as a squirrel among the branches, and the Prince did not know what had become of her. So he waited until the father came, and then he told him that the strange maiden had rushed from him, and that he thought she had gone up into the pear tree. The father thought to himself, "It surely cannot be Cinderella," and called for an axe, and felled the tree, but there was no one in it. And when they went into the kitchen there sat Cinderella among the cinders, as usual, for she had got down the other side of the tree, and had taken back her beautiful clothes to

the bird on the hazel bush, and had put on her old gray kirtle again.

On the third day, when the parents and the step-children had set off, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said to the tree, "Little tree, little tree, shake over me, That silver and gold may come down and cover me." Then the bird cast down a dress, the like of which had never been seen for splendor and brilliancy, and slippers that were of gold.

And when she appeared in this dress at the feast nobody knew what to say for wonderment. The Prince danced with her alone, and if any one else asked her he answered, "She is my partner." And when it was evening Cinderella wanted to go home, and the Prince was about to go with her, when she ran past him so quickly that he could not follow her. But he had laid a plan, and had caused all the steps to be spread with pitch, so that as she rushed down them the left shoe of the maiden remained sticking in it. The Prince picked it up, and saw that it was of gold, and very small and slender. The next morning he went to the father and told him that none should be his bride save the one whose foot the golden shoe should fit.

Then the two sisters were very glad, because they had pretty feet. The eldest went to her room to try on the shoe, and her mother stood by. But she could not get her great toe into it, for the shoe was too small; then her mother handed her a knife, and said, "Cut the toe off, for when you are Queen you will never have to go on foot." So the girl cut her toe off, squeezed her foot into the shoe, concealed the pain, and went down to the Prince. Then he took her with him on his horse as his bride, and rode off. They had to pass by the grave, and there sat the two pigeons on the hazel bush, and cried, "There they go, there they go! There is blood on her shoe; The shoe is too small,

Not the right bride at all!"

Then the Prince looked at her shoe, and saw the blood flowing. And he turned his horse round and took the false bride home again, saying she was not the right one, and that the other sister must try on the shoe. So she went into her room to do so, and got her toes comfortably in, but her heel was too large. Then her mother handed her the knife, saying, "Cut a piece off your heel; when you are Queen you will never have to go on foot." So the girl cut a piece off her heel, and thrust her foot into the shoe, concealed the pain, and went down to the Prince, who took his bride before him on his horse and rode off. When they passed by the hazel bush



the two pigeons sat there and cried, "There they go, there they go! There is blood on her shoe; The shoe is too small, -Not the right bride at all!"

Then the Prince looked at her foot, and saw how the blood was flowing from the shoe, and staining the white stocking. And he turned his horse round and brought the false bride home again. "This is not the right one," said he, "have you no other daughter?"

"No," said the man, "only my dead wife left behind her a little stunted Cinderella; it is impossible that she can be the bride." But the King's son ordered her to be sent for, but the mother said, "Oh no! she is much too dirty, I could not let her be seen." But he would have her fetched, and so Cinderella had to appear.

First she washed her face and hands quite clean, and went in and curtsied to the Prince, who held out to her the golden shoe. Then she sat down on a stool drew her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe, and slipped it into the golden one, which fitted it perfectly. And when she stood up, and the Prince looked in her face, he knew again the beautiful maiden that had danced with him, and he cried, "This is the right bride!" The step-mother and the two sisters were thunderstruck, and grew pale with anger; but he put Cinderella before him on his horse and rode off. And as they passed the hazel bush, the two white pigeons cried, "There they go, there they go! No blood on her shoe; The shoe's not too small, The right bride is she after all."

And when they had thus cried, they came flying after and perched on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left, and so remained.

And when her wedding with the Prince was appointed to be held the false sisters came, hoping to curry favor, and to take part in the festivities. So as the bridal procession went to the church, the eldest walked on the right side and the younger on the left, and the pigeons picked out an eye of each of them. And as they returned the elder was on the left side and the younger on the right, and the pigeons picked out the other eye of each of them. And so they were condemned to go blind for the rest of their days because of their wickedness and falsehood.

**THE END**



## Lesson Plan

### Week 1- Day 4

#### Focus:

This lesson builds upon the previous one by creating more of a historical context to view our current society from, as well as showing the Cinderella story from various cultures not our own.

#### Objectives:

1. Students will be able to challenge and further identify the characteristics and traits of a princess.

#### Materials:

“Princess Can, In Fact, Be Role Models for Little Girls”

*The Indian Cinderella*

Grimm’s Fairy Tales *Cinderella*

Paper and pencil

#### Strategies:

Silent Reading

Quick Writing

Class Discussion

#### Procedure:

1. Pass out the article and have students read it through silently.
2. Once done reading, students will take out a piece of paper and do a quick write in which they select one of the bold statements within the reading and decide if they agree/disagree. Students will then explain why they took this stance.
3. When all students are done, discuss the bolded statements. Write each one on the board and have students raise their hand to show which they wrote about. From these students, ask if anyone would like to talk about what they wrote for their quick write.
4. Once we have gone over all of these statements as a class response, move into comparing the statements to *Cinderella* that we read the day before.
  - a. How are they alike, different, and/or complicated from one story to the next?
    - i. What is the role of the man? Is it different? Is it the same? Better? Worse?
    - ii. What is the role of the female? Is it different? Is it the same? Better? Worse?
    - iii. Which society seems to be a better place to live based off of your own personal opinion?
  - b. For each response that a student has, push for textual evidence and connection to back up their claim.
5. With whatever time is left after these discussions, pass out a copy of *The Indian Cinderella* to each student. They will begin reading silently individually and

must finish whatever they do not get done in class as homework before the next day.

6. Instruct students that while they read, they need to create a list of moments or ideas from the story that strike them as important to note. This list is part of their homework for the next day as well.

**Assessment:**

1. I will know students can challenge and identify the traits of a princess by listening to the class discussion and reading the quick writes students do at the beginning of class.

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# Princesses Can, In Fact, Be Role Models for Little Girls

By Saraswati Nagpal

*Just not the Disney ones*



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It was Book Week at the elementary school where I taught in Delhi, India. The third grade's theme for dress-up day was Indian mythology. When my girls came to me disappointed that they had to dress as princesses from the ancient stories, I was surprised. Indian princesses dress in silk and traditional ornaments, and most little girls love that! But their concern was the character. 'Why do the boys get to be heroes like Arjuna and Rama? Why can't I be a heroic woman? What did the princesses Draupadi and Sita do anyway?'

I dove into my memories for an appropriate character and then gathered my class and told them the story of the princess Chitrangada from an eastern kingdom of India. She was a skilled fighter and horsewoman, as good as or better than warriors in her kingdom. She eventually married the greatest

warrior prince Arjuna (becoming one of his many wives). The girls (and boys, despite themselves) listened wide-eyed. On dress-up day, we had a couple of Princess Chitrangadas replete with armor, swords, and other battle gear.

But I was left wondering. Is a heroic woman always a battle-worthy one?

To understand where the girls' questions arose, and the need for Chitrangada's story, it's important to know that the Indian/Hindu epic mythological tales *Ramayana*, *The Story of Rama* and the *Mahabharata* are always told to children as male-centred stories. The prince is the hero and the story begins and ends with him. The princess is merely a natural aspect of the story—a prince finds and protects and loves one or more women along the way.

We don't spend much time on how Princess Sita felt or what Queen Draupadi thought. We don't start the stories with the women, nor do we end the stories with them. I suspect it's because the very stories themselves have changed as patriarchy grew stronger over the ages.

I wondered what the *Story of Rama* would sound like to little Indian kids if it didn't begin with Rama. What if it began with his wife, Princess Sita? I read several versions of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* to re-tell the stories of the princess in each. This is what I learned:

***A true princess can live the plainest life possible because the gown and slippers don't matter.***

Being a princess as the Disney consumer product definition goes meant nothing to Sita. Sita loved her husband Rama so deeply that when he was exiled from his kingdom, she chose to stick by him, leaving the wealth, the luxury, the princess status behind and living the harsh life of an ascetic woman in the forest. No beauty products, no rose and milk baths, no maids attending, no crystal-ware. For 14 years she washed her own clothes, grew her own food, cleaned her own hut, and slept on a mud floor happily, because she loved Rama, not his title. Sita was in a unique position: According to the rule of the exile she was not bound to leave the palace. But she chose to—that was the strength of her love.

***A princess is a queen in the making. And a queen knows how to say 'no.'***

After two exiles, one with Rama and one alone as a pregnant mother, and after bringing up their twins alone, Sita grieved at her husband's inability to trust her. When he refused to stand up for her and humiliated her by doubting her virtue in public twice, Sita said, 'Enough!' Perhaps the first feminist story ever, the *Ramayana* does not end 'happily ever after.' Sita walked away without looking back. *Your 'no' is a valid choice. Make it when you need to.*

***A princess never relies on advertisements. She knows she is beautiful.***

Watch Indian television for 30 minutes and you'll witness the frightening number of advertisements that bombard young Indian girls with fairness skin products. Being milky white as a means to a job, a date, a husband is promoted heavily in print and televised media. I have met eight year olds who felt

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One Dad's Ill-Fated Battle  
Against the Princesses

ugly because they are dark-skinned. I have spoken to girls in Delhi schools about Princess Draupadi who was dark-skinned yet was perhaps the most coveted woman in Indian mythology. 'Princess Draupadi was miles from fair, but did that diminish her beauty? I have brown skin, and I'm proud of it. You should be too,' is what I tell them.

***A princess does not cower in a corner when she is abused. She raises her voice and fights for justice.***

Nothing could be more the need of the hour in India than the fire of the female spirit. Princess Draupadi was a queen when she was dragged to court and stripped. Her warrior husbands did not stand to protect her, for they said they were bound by a code of honor (patriarchal, no doubt). Draupadi cursed, fumed, and demanded her rights as a queen. For 14 years she waited, never allowing the memory of her abuse to be snuffed out. She was the catalyst for the greatest war in Indian mythology and her insult was avenged.

Indian stories have passed through the oral tradition down centuries. The more I read, the more I'm convinced that they have changed over time, and not for the better. We have much to re-claim and many princesses to bring back to life. Not the Disney ones. The real ones that lived in a real world just like ours, with all its light and shadows.

This article available online at:

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## The Indian Cinderella

Native American On the shores of a wide bay on the Atlantic coast there dwelt in old times a great Indian warrior. It was said that he had been one of Glooskap's best helpers and friends, and that he had done for him many wonderful deeds. But that, no man knows. He had, however, a very wonderful and strange power; he could make himself invisible; he could thus mingle unseen with his enemies and listen to their plots. He was known among the people as Strong Wind, the Invisible. He dwelt with his sister in a tent near the sea, and his sister helped him greatly in his work. Many maidens would have been glad to marry him, and he was much sought after because of his mighty deeds; and it was known that Strong Wind would marry the first maiden who could see him as he came home at night. Many made the trial, but it was a long time before one succeeded. Strong Wind used a clever trick to test the truthfulness of all who sought to win him. Each evening as the day went down, his sister walked on the beach with any girl who wished to make the trial. His sister could always see him, but no one else could see him. And as he came home from work in the twilight, his sister as she saw him drawing near would ask the girl who sought him, "Do you see him?"

And each girl would falsely answer "Yes."

And his sister would ask, "With what does he draw his sled?"

And each girl would answer, "With the hide of a moose," or "With a pole," or "With a great cord."

And then his sister would know that they all had lied, for their answers were mere guesses. And many tried and lied and failed, for Strong Wind would not marry any who were untruthful.

There lived in the village a great chief who had three daughters. Their mother had long been dead. One of these was much younger than the others. She was very beautiful and gentle and well beloved by all, and for that reason her older sisters were very jealous of her charms and treated her very cruelly. They clothed her in rags that she might be ugly; and they cut off her long black hair; and they burned her face with coals from the fire that she might be scarred and disfigured. And they lied to their father, telling him that she had done these things herself. But the young girl was patient and kept her gentle heart and went gladly about her work.

Like other girls, the chief's two eldest daughters tried to win Strong Wind. One evening, as the day went down, they walked on the shore with Strong Wind's sister and waited for his coming. Soon he came home from his day's work, drawing his sled. And his sister asked as usual, "Do you see him?"

And each one, lying, answered "Yes."

And she asked, "Of what is his shoulder strap made?"

And each, guessing, said "Of rawhide."

Then they entered the tent where they hoped to see Strong Wind eating his supper; and when he took off his coat and his moccasins they could see them, but more than these they saw nothing. And Strong Wind knew that they had lied, and he kept himself from their sight, and they went home dismayed.

One day the chief's youngest daughter with her rags and her burnt face resolved to seek Strong Wind. She patched her clothes with bits of birch bark from the trees, and put on the few little ornaments she possessed, and went forth to try to see the Invisible One as all

the other girls of the village had done before. And her sisters laughed at her and called her "fool"; and as she passed along the road all the people laughed at her because of her tattered frock and her burnt face, but silently she went her way.

Strong Wind's sister received the little girl kindly, and at twilight she took her to the beach. Soon Strong Wind came home drawing his sled. And his sister asked, "Do you see him?"

And the girl answered "No," and his sister wondered greatly because she spoke the truth.

And again she asked, "Do you see him now?"

And the girl answered, "Yes, and he is very wonderful."

And she asked, "With what does he draw his sled?"

And the girl answered, "With the Rainbow," and she was much afraid.

And she asked further, "Of what is his bowstring?"

And the girl answered, "His bowstring is the Milky Way."

Then Strong Wind's sister knew that because the girl had spoken the truth at first her brother had made himself visible to her. And she said, "Truly, you have seen him." And she took her home and bathed her, and all the scars disappeared from her face and body; and her hair grew long and black again like the raven's wing; and she gave her fine clothes to wear and many rich ornaments. Then she bade her take the wife's seat in the tent.

Soon Strong Wind entered and sat beside her, and called her his bride. The very next day she became his wife, and ever afterwards she helped him to do great deeds.

The girl's two elder sisters were very cross and they wondered greatly at what had taken place. But Strong Wind, who knew of their cruelty, resolved to punish them. Using his great power, he changed them both into aspen trees and rooted them in the earth. And since that day the leaves of the aspen have always trembled, and they shiver in fear at the approach of Strong Wind, it matters not how softly he comes, for they are still mindful of his great power and anger because of their lies and their cruelty to their sister long ago.

Accessed from:

<http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/type0510a.html#canada>



## Lesson Plan

### Week 1- Day 5

#### Focus:

This lesson will again deal with creating a historical background to the rest of the unit while also showing cultural similarities and differences with regards to a similar story.

#### Objectives:

1. Students will be able to compare and contrast two stories.

#### Materials:

*The Green Knight*

*The Indian Cinderella*

Grimm's Fairy Tales *Cinderella*

Paper and pencil

Markers, crayons, colored pencils

Venn Diagram

#### Strategies:

Silent Reading

Drawing the Reading

Comparing/Contrasting Multiple works

#### Procedure:

1. Check to make sure that all students created their list that was assigned homework from the night before.
2. QW: Pick one of the specific moments from your homework that you thought was important to note and explain what made it stand out to you. What could you connect that moment to in today's life?
3. Pass one copy of *The Green Knight* to students and have them silently read it until they are done. Students are told to pay attention to separate scenes for the visual images they create, as they will create pictures later.
4. Give students the necessary supplies (paper, pencils, coloring pencils, crayons, etc.) and are to create a scene from this story (*The Green Knight*) and a scene from either *Cinderella* or *The Indian Cinderella* that is similar on the same piece of paper as an act of comparison.
  - a. Students must then write a paragraph explaining the comparison.
    - i. How is it different? Why does the difference matter? Is there one that is better? Why? What made you pick up on this difference?
    - ii. How is it the same? Why does the sameness matter? What made this similarity stand out to you?
5. If time is running out, students can just sketch out the scenes and not color them. However, if time permits, these scenes that students create should be hung on the walls of the classroom.



- a. Any student that would like to describe what they did and why is given time to do so, but students are not required to discuss their works with the class.
6. As homework, students are given a Venn diagram with three circles and are to select two of the three Cinderella stories we have read so far and their own views of the world/Cinderella stories to compare/contrast these all, as they have done before with other stories in the semester.

**Assessment:**

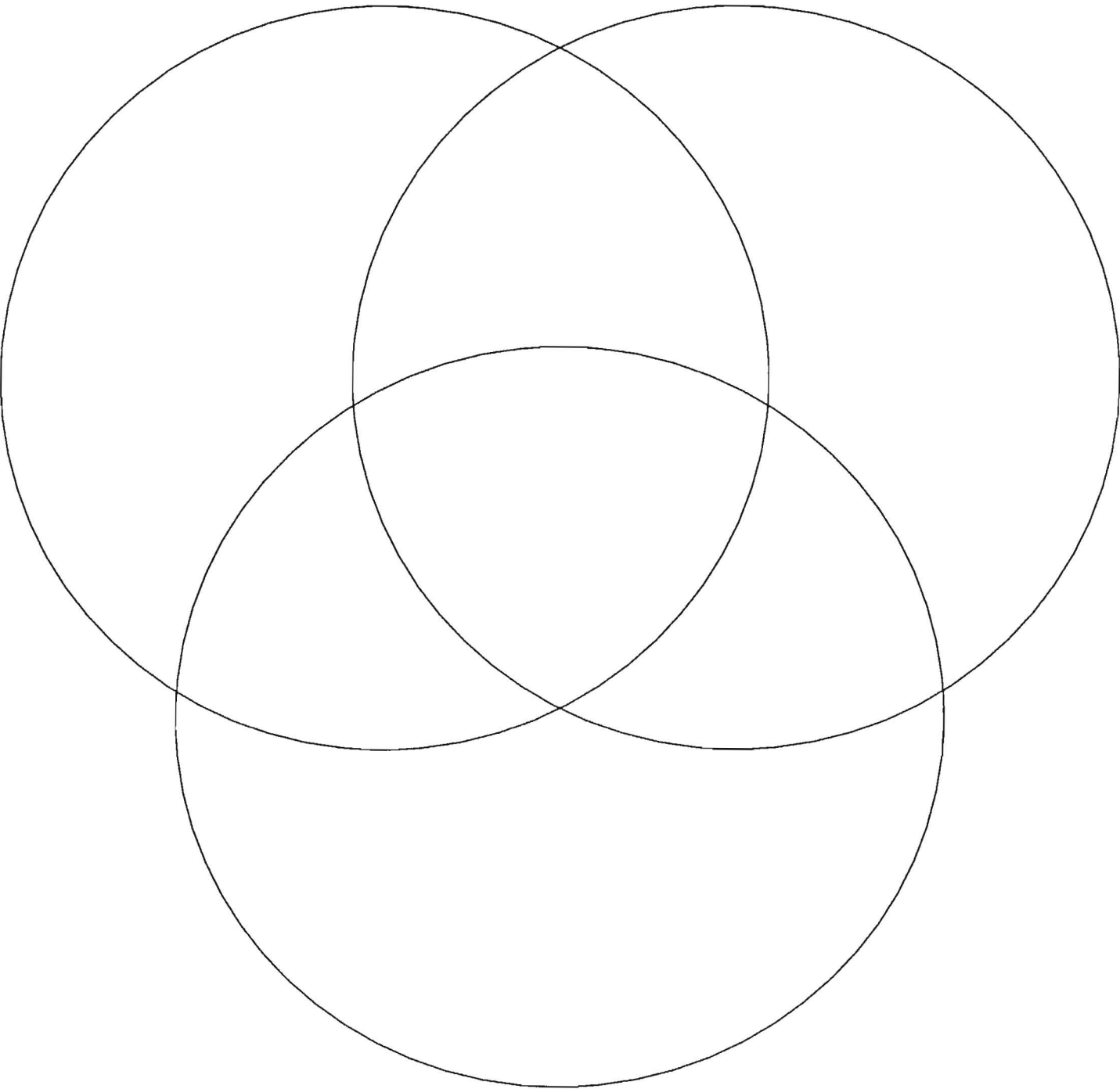
1. I will know students can compare and contrast different stories by looking at the images they create and the Venn diagram they create as homework.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Date \_\_\_\_\_

Class \_\_\_\_\_  
Block / Period \_\_\_\_\_

Topic / Concept: \_\_\_\_\_

**3-Way Venn Diagram**



## The Green Knight

### Denmark (Svendt Grundtvig)

Once upon a time there were a king and a queen and they had but one little daughter, and when she was very young her dear mother became sick unto death. When the queen knew that she had only a short time to live, she called the king and said, "My dear lord and husband! in order that I may die in peace you must promise me one thing, and that is, that you will never refuse our child anything that she may ask of you if it be possible to grant her wish." That the king promised her and she died soon afterward.

The king's heart was nearly broken for he loved his wife devotedly, and his little daughter alone could comfort him. The princess grew up, and the fulfillment of the promise was indeed easy for the king; he never refused her a request. That spoiled her a little, but otherwise she was a dear, good child who only needed a mother to understand and love her; for the lack of this she was often moody and melancholy. The princess did not care for games and amusements like other children, but instead she liked to wander alone in the gardens and woods, and above all she loved flowers and birds and animals, and she was also fond of reading poetry and stories.

Not far from the palace there lived the widow of a count, who had a daughter a little older than the princess. The young countess, however, was not a good girl, but was vain, selfish and hard-hearted; on the other hand she was clever, like her mother, and could dissimulate when she thought it would serve her ends. The countess cleverly devised ways so that her daughter was often thrown together with the princess, and both mother and daughter spared no pains to please her. They did everything in their power to give her pleasure and cheer her, and soon she always had to have either one or the other by her side.

Now that was just what the countess wanted and had been working for; so that when she saw that she had brought matters to that point, she made her daughter tell the princess, amid tears, that they must now separate because she and her mother had to go far away into another country. Then the little princess ran at once to the countess and told her that she must not leave with her daughter, for she could not live without her and would grieve to death if she left her. Then the countess pretended to be deeply moved and told the princess that there was only one way that she could be persuaded to stay in the country, and that was for the king to marry her. Then both mother and daughter could always stay with her, and they painted in glowing colors the joys that would be hers if that should come to pass.

Then the princess went to her father, the king, and begged and implored him to marry the countess, for otherwise she would go away and his poor little daughter would lose her only friend and grieve to death.

"You would certainly repent of it, if I were to do it," said the king, "and I should also, for I have no desire whatever to marry, and I have no confidence in the deceitful countess and her deceitful daughter."

But the princess did not cease crying and imploring him until he promised to grant her wish. Then the king asked the countess to marry him and she at once consented. Soon after that the wedding ceremony took place and the countess became queen and was now the stepmother of the young princess.

But after the marriage all was changed. The queen did nothing but tease and torment her stepdaughter, while nothing was too good for her own child. Her daughter did not pay any attention to the poor princess, but did everything she could to make her life miserable.

The king, who could see all this, took it very much to heart, for he loved his daughter deeply; so he said to her on one occasion, "Alas, my poor little daughter, you are having a sad life and must certainly have repented many a time of that which you asked of me, for it has all turned out as I foretold. But now, unfortunately, it is too late. I think it would be better for you to leave us for a time and go out to my summer palace on the island; there you would, at least, have peace and quiet."

The princess agreed with her father, and although it was very hard for them to be separated, it was nevertheless absolutely necessary, as she could no longer endure her wicked stepmother and her malicious stepsister. So she took with her two of her ladies in waiting to live in the summer palace on the island, and her father came from time to time to visit her; and he could see very plainly that she was much happier here than she would have been at home with her wicked stepmother.

So she grew up to be a lovely maiden, pure, innocent and thoughtful, kind to both men and beasts. But she was never really happy, and there was always an undercurrent of sadness in her nature, and a longing for something better than she had hitherto found in the world.

One day her father came to her to bid her farewell, for he had to go on a long journey to be present at a gathering of kings and nobles from many lands, and would not return for a long time. The king wanted to cheer his daughter, so he said to her jestingly that he would look carefully among the princes to see whether he could not find one among them all who would be worthy to become her husband. Then the princess answered him and said, "I thank you, dear father; if you see the Green Knight, greet him and tell him that I am waiting and longing for him, for he alone and no other can free me from my suffering."

When the princess said that, she was thinking of the green churchyard with its many green mounds, for she longed for death. But the king did not understand her and wondered much at the strange greeting to a strange knight whose name he had never heard of before; but he was accustomed to grant her every wish, so he only said he would not forget to greet the knight as soon as he met him. Then he bade his daughter a tender farewell and started on his journey to the meeting of the kings.

There he found many princes, young nobles and knights, but among them there was no one called the Green Knight, so that the king could not deliver his daughter's message. At last he started on his homeward journey and had to cross high mountains and wide rivers and to go through dense forests. And as the king one day was passing through one of those great woods with his train, they came upon a large open space where thousands of boars were feeding. These were not wild, but tame, and were guarded by a swineherd in the garb of a huntsman who sat, surrounded by his dogs, on a little knoll and had a pipe to whose notes all animals listened and were obedient.

The king wondered at this herd of tame boars, and had one of his retainers ask the swineherd to whom they belonged. He answered that they belonged to the Green Knight. Then the king remembered what his daughter had asked him, and he himself rode up to the man and asked whether the Green Knight lived in the neighborhood.

"No," he replied, "he lives far from here, towards the east. If you ride in that direction you will meet other herdsmen who will show you the way to his castle."

Then the king and his men rode eastward for three days through a great forest, until they came again to a large plain surrounded by great forests, on which immense herds of elks and wild oxen were grazing. These also were guarded by a herdsman in hunter's dress, accompanied by his dogs. And the king rode to the man, who told him that all these herds belonged to the Green Knight, who lived further eastward. And again after three days the King came to a great clearing, where he saw great herds of stags and does, and the herdsman, in answer to his question, said that the Green Knight's castle was but a day's journey distant. Then the king rode for a day on green paths, through green woods, until he came to a great castle which was also green, for it was entirely covered by vines and climbing plants. When they rode up to the castle, a large number of men dressed in green like hunters, appeared and escorted them into the castle, and announced that the king of such and such a kingdom had arrived and desired to greet their master. Then the lord of the castle came himself -- a tall, handsome, young man, also clad in green -- and bade his guest welcome and entertained them in a lordly manner.

Then said the king, "You live far away and you have so great a domain that I had to go much out of my way to fulfill my daughter's wish. When I rode forth to attend the gathering of the kings, she asked me to greet the Green Knight for her, and to tell him how she longed for him, and that he alone could free her from her torment. This is a very strange commission that I have undertaken, but my daughter knows what is right and proper, and moreover I promised her mother on her deathbed that I would never refuse our only child a wish; so I have come here to deliver the message and keep my promise." Then the Green Knight said to the king, "Your daughter was sad, and was certainly not thinking of me when she gave you her message, for she can never have heard of me; she was probably thinking of the churchyard with its many green mounds, where alone she hoped to find rest. But perhaps I can give her something to alleviate her sorrow. Take this little book, and tell the princess when she is sad and heavy-hearted to open her east window and to read in the book; it will gladden her heart."

Then the knight gave the king a little green book, but he could not read it, because he did not know the letters with which the words were written. He took it, however, and thanked the Green Knight for his kind and hospitable reception. He was very sorry, he assured the knight, that he had disturbed him, as the princess had not meant him at all.

They had to remain overnight in the castle, and the knight would gladly have kept them longer, but the king insisted that he must leave the next day; so the following morning he said goodbye to his host, and rode back the way he had come until he came to the clearing where the boars were, and from there he went straight home.

The first thing the king did, was to go to the island and take the little green book to his daughter. She was astonished when her father told her about the Green Knight, and gave her his greetings and the book, for she had not thought of a human being, nor had she the faintest idea that a Green Knight existed. But that very evening, when her father was gone, the princess opened her east window and began to read her green book, although it was not written in her mother tongue. The book contained many poems, and its language was beautiful. One of the first things that she read began as follows:

The wind has risen on the sea,  
And bloweth over field and lea,

And while on earth broods silent night,  
Who, to the knight, her troth will plight?

While she was reading the first verse she heard distinctly the rushing of the wind over the water; at the second verse she heard a rustling in the trees; at the third verse her ladies in waiting and all those in or near the palace, fell into a deep slumber. And when the princess read the fourth line, the Green Knight himself flew through the window in the shape of a bird.

Then he resumed his human form, greeted her kindly, and begged her to have no fear. The knight told her that he was the Green Knight whom the king had visited, and from whom he had received the book, and that she herself had brought him thither by reading those lines. She could speak freely to him, and this would relieve her sadness. Then the princess at once felt a great confidence in him, so that she told him her inmost thoughts; and the knight spoke to her with such sympathy and understanding that she felt happy as never before.

Then he said to her that every time she opened the book and read those first verses, the same would come to pass that had happened that evening; everybody on the island would fall asleep except the princess, and he would come to her immediately, although he lived far from her. And the prince also told her that he would always gladly come to her if she really wanted to see him. Now, however, she would better close the book and betake herself to rest.

And at the very moment that she closed the book, the Green Knight disappeared, and the court ladies and all the attendants awoke. Then the princess went to bed and dreamed of the knight and all that he had said to her. When she awoke the next morning she was light-hearted and happy as she had never been before, and day by day her health improved. Her cheeks grew rosy and she laughed and jested, so that all about her were amazed at the change that had taken place in her.

The king said that the evening air and the little green book had really helped her, and the princess agreed with him. But what nobody knew was, that every evening when the princess had read in her book, she received a visit from the Green Knight, and that they had long talks together. On the third visit he gave her a gold ring, and they became betrothed. But not until three months had elapsed could he go to her father and ask her hand in marriage; then he would take her home with him as his beloved wife.

In the meantime the stepmother learned that the princess was growing stronger and more beautiful, and that she was happier than ever before. The queen wondered at this and was vexed, for she had always believed and hoped that the princess would waste away and die, and that then her own daughter would become princess and heiress to the throne.

So one day she sent one of her court ladies over to the island to pay the princess a visit, and to try to find out what was the cause of this remarkable improvement. On the following day the young woman returned and told the queen that it seemed to be particularly helpful to the princess to sit at an open window every evening and read in a



book that a strange prince had given her. The evening air had made her drowsy and she had fallen into a deep sleep; the same thing, she said, happened every evening to the court ladies who complained that it made them ill, while the princess became rosier and happier every day. The next day the queen sent her daughter to act as a spy, and told her to pay careful attention to all that the princess did.

"There is some mystery about that window; perhaps a man comes in by it."

The daughter came back the next day, but she could not tell any more than the maid, for she, too, had fallen into a deep sleep when the princess seated herself at the window and began to read.

Then on the third day the stepmother went herself to call on the princess. She was as sweet as honey to her, and pretended to be delighted to see how well she was. The queen questioned her as much as she dared, but could learn nothing from her. Then she went to the east window where the princess was in the habit of sitting and reading every evening, and examined it carefully, but could discover nothing special about it. The window was high above the ground, but vines grew up to it, so that it might have been possible for a very active person to climb up. For that reason the queen took a small pair of scissors, smeared them with poison, and fastened them in the window with their points turned upward, but in such a manner that no one could see them. When evening came and the princess seated herself at the window with the little green book in her hand, the queen said to herself that she would take good care not to fall asleep as the others had done. But her resolve did not help her in the least, for, in spite of herself, when the princess began to read, the queen's eyelids fell and she slept soundly as did the others. And at that same moment the Green Knight in the form of a bird came in through the window, unseen and unheard by all except the princess. They talked of their love for each other and how there remained only one week of the three months, and then the knight would go to her father's court and ask for her hand in marriage. Then he would take her home, and she would always be with him in his green castle, which lay in the midst of the great woodland realm over which he ruled, and about which he had told her so often.

Then the Green Knight bade his betrothed a tender farewell, resumed the form of a bird, and flew out of the window. But he flew so low that he grazed the scissors that the queen had fastened there, and scratched one leg. He uttered a cry, but disappeared quickly. The princess, who had heard him, sprang up; but in so doing, the book fell from her hand to the floor and closed, and she also uttered a piercing cry which awoke the queen and all the court ladies. They rushed to her and asked what had happened. She answered that nothing was the matter, but that she had only dozed a little, and had been awakened by a bad dream. But that very hour she became ill with a fever and had to go to bed at once. The queen, in the meantime, slipped to the window to get her scissors, and when she found that there was blood on them, she hid them under her apron and took them home.

The princess, however, could not sleep the whole night, and felt miserable all the next day; nevertheless towards evening she rose in order to get a little fresh air. So she seated herself at the open east window, opened the book and read as usual:

The wind has risen on the sea,  
And bloweth over field and lea,  
And while on earth broods silent night  
Who to the knight her troth will plight?

And the wind soughed through the trees, and the leaves rustled and all slept, except the princess -- but the knight came not. And so the days passed and she waited and watched, and read in her little green book and sang -- but no Green Knight came. Then her red cheeks again became pale and her happy heart, sad and heavy; and she began to waste away, to the sorrow of her father, but to the secret joy of her stepmother.

One day the princess walked feebly alone through the castle garden on the island, and seated herself on a bench under a high tree, and there she remained a long time plunged in sad and gloomy thoughts; while she was there two ravens came and perched on a branch over her head, and began to talk together.

"It is pitiful," said one, "to see our dear princess grieving to death for her beloved."

"Yes," said the other one, "especially as she is the only one who can cure him of the wound inflicted on him by the poisoned scissors of the queen."

"How so?" asked the first raven.

"Like cures like," replied the other one. "Over yonder, in the courtyard of the king, west of the stables, there lies, in a hole under a stone, an adder with her nine young. If the princess could get these and cook them, and give three young adders every day to the sick knight, he would recover. Otherwise there is no help for him."

As soon as night came the princess slipped out of the castle, went down to the shore where she found a boat, and rowed over to the palace. She went straight to the stone in the courtyard and rolled it away, heavy as it was, and there she found the nine young adders. These she tied up in her apron, and went forth on the way that she knew her father had taken when he returned from the gathering of the kings.

So she traveled on foot for weeks and months over high mountains and through dense forests, until she came at last upon the same swineherd that her father had met. He pointed out to her the way through the woods to the second herdsman, who in turn showed her the path to the third man. At last she reached the green castle where the knight lived, and lay sick with the poison and a fever, so ill that he recognized nobody, but only rolled and tossed in anguish and pain. Physicians had been called from the ends of the earth, but no one could procure for him the slightest relief.

The princess went into the kitchen and asked whether they could not give her some employment; she would wash the dishes, or do anything they asked her to, if only they would allow her to stay. The cook consented, and because she was so neat and quick and willing at every kind of work, he soon found her a valuable helper, and let her have her

own way in many things.

So one day she said to him, "Today you must let me prepare the soup for our sick master. I know very well how it ought to be cooked, but I want to be allowed to cook it alone, and no one may look into the pot."

The cook was willing, and so she cooked three of the young adders in the soup, which was carried up to the Green Knight. And when he had eaten the soup, the fever went down so much that he could recognize those about him and speak intelligently; then he called the cook, and asked him whether he had cooked the soup that had done him so much good. The cook answered that he had done so, as no one else was allowed to prepare the food for his master. Then the Green Knight bade him make more of the same kind of soup on the morrow.

Now it was the cook's turn to go to the princess and beg her to prepare the soup for the knight; and as before, she cooked three young adders in it. This time, after partaking of it, he felt so well that he could get up out of bed. At this, all the doctors were amazed and could not understand how it happened; but, of course, they said that the medicines they had been giving him were beginning to have an effect.

On the third day, the kitchen maid again had to prepare the soup, and she cooked in it the last three young adders. And as soon as the knight had eaten it he felt perfectly well. Then he jumped up and wanted to go down to the kitchen himself to thank the cook, for, after all, he was certainly the best physician.

Now it happened that when he entered the kitchen there was no one there except a maid who was wiping dishes; but even as he looked he recognized her, and it suddenly dawned upon him what she had done for him. He folded her in his arms and said, "It was you then, was it not, who saved my life and cured me of the poison that penetrated into my blood, when I scratched myself on the scissiors that the queen had put into the window?" She could not deny it; she was overjoyed, and he also. Soon after that their wedding was celebrated in the green castle; and there they are probably still living together and ruling over all the inhabitants of the green forests.

<http://www.pitt.edu/%7Edash/greenknight.html>

Lesson plan  
Week 2- Day 1

Focus:

This lesson will connect the cultural stories with the more modern takes on Cinderella.

Objectives:

1. Students will draw parallels between traditional Cinderella stories and modernized Cinderella stories.

Materials:

Venn diagram

Paper and pencil

*A Modern Cinderella*

Handout

Strategies:

Quick Writing

Class Generated Listing

Comparing/Contrasting

Small Group Discussion

Large Group Discussion

Class Discussion

Procedure:

1. Students will answer the following prompt as a QW at the beginning of class: If you were in a situation where people expected you to help them/do something for them on a regular basis, how would you react? Do you think those sorts of things happen today? Provide examples.
2. Students pass their Venn diagrams in for a grade.
3. Ask students to create a list of books, plays, songs, movies, etc. that have been recreated or redone. Tally how many students have seen, heard, read, etc. the various examples we create. From this list, use the top three and continue on from there.
4. Break student into six groups that are formed based on which story, etc. they have experience with. Aim to have two groups per story, movie, etc. Within these groups, students are to create a list of what difference and similarities these modernizations had to the original and which version the group seemed to like more.
5. Once groups have come up with a list of some sort, have them get into large groups with the other small group doing the same thing. Have the two groups compare what they came up with.
6. After this, as a class talk about how when stories get modernized, sometimes they have aspects or plot moments that are left out or altered in some way to make them fit better with the times they are in now. Even though there will be some

minor differences in modernized stories, the main point and theme is still there and can still be connected to the original story.

7. Pass *A Modern Cinderella* and a handout out to students. They are to read up to “How it was found” and fill out the handout with three words they did not know and three words/phrases that resemble something we saw in one of the previous Cinderella readings.

Assessment:

1. I will know students can draw parallels between traditional Cinderella stories and modern Cinderella stories by listening to the small group discussions, looking at the lists they come up with, and listening to what students say in the whole class discussion.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Class: \_\_\_\_\_

Assignment: Read *A Modern Cinderella* up until “How it was found...” As you read, pay attention to the words/phrases used in this piece and fill this handout out.

Three Words You Are Confused About or Don't Know...

1)

2)

3)

Three Words or Phrases That Resemble Something We Have Already Read...

1)

2)

3)



# SHORT STORY AMERICA

## A MODERN CINDERELLA

OR,

## THE LITTLE OLD SHOE

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

### HOW IT WAS LOST

Among green New England hills stood an ancient house, many-gabled, mossy-roofed, and quaintly built, but picturesque and pleasant to the eye; for a brook ran babbling through the orchard that encompassed it about, a garden-plat stretched upward to the whispering birches on the slope, and patriarchal elms stood sentinel upon the lawn, as they had stood almost a century ago, when the Revolution rolled that way and found them young.

One summer morning, when the air was full of country sounds, of mowers in the meadow, black-birds by the brook, and the low of kine upon the hill-side, the old house wore its cheeriest aspect, and a certain humble history began.

"Nan!"

"Yes, Di."

And a head, brown-locked, blue-eyed, soft-featured, looked in at the open door in answer to the call.

"Just bring me the third volume of 'Wilhelm Meister,' there's a dear. It's hardly worth while to rouse such a restless ghost as I, when I'm once fairly laid."

As she spoke, Di PULLED up her black braids, thumped the pillow of the couch where she was lying, and with eager eyes went down the last page of her book.

"Nan!"

"Yes, Laura," replied the girl, coming back with the third volume for the literary cormorant, who took it with a nod, still too content upon the "Confessions of a Fair Saint" to remember the failings of a certain plain sinner.

"Don't forget the Italian cream for dinner. I depend upon it; for it's the only thing fit for me this hot weather."

And Laura, the cool blonde, disposed the folds of her white gown more gracefully about her, and touched up the eyebrow of the Minerva she was drawing.

"Little daughter!"

"Yes, father."

"Let me have plenty of clean collars in my bag, for I must go at once; and some of you bring me a glass of cider in about an hour;--I shall be in the lower garden."

The old man went away into his imaginary paradise, and Nan into that domestic purgatory on a summer day,--the kitchen. There were vines about the windows, sunshine on the floor, and order everywhere; but it was haunted by a cooking-stove, that family altar whence such varied incense rises to appease the appetite of household gods, before which such dire incantations are pronounced to ease the wrath and woe of the priestess of the fire, and about which often linger saddest memories of wasted temper, time, and toil.

Nan was tired, having risen with the birds,--hurried, having many cares those happy little housewives never know,--and disappointed in a hope that hourly "dwindled, peaked, and pined." She was too young to make the anxious lines upon her forehead seem at home there, too patient to be burdened with the labor others should have shared, too light of heart to be pent up when earth and sky were keeping a blithe holiday. But she was one of that meek sisterhood who, thinking humbly of themselves, believe they are honored by being spent in the service of less conscientious souls, whose careless thanks seem quite reward enough.

To and fro she went, silent and diligent, giving the grace of willingness to every humble or distasteful task the day had brought her; but some malignant sprite seemed to have taken possession of her kingdom, for rebellion broke out everywhere. The kettles would boil over most obstreperously,--the mutton refused to cook with the meek alacrity to be expected from the nature of a sheep,--the stove, with unnecessary warmth of temper, would glow like a fiery furnace,--the irons would scorch,--the linens would dry,--and spirits would fail, though patience never.

Nan tugged on, growing hotter and wearier, more hurried and more hopeless, till at last the crisis came; for in one fell moment she tore her gown, burnt her hand, and smutched the collar she was preparing to finish in the most unexceptionable style. Then, if she had been a nervous woman, she would have scolded; being a gentle girl, she only "lifted up her voice and wept."

"Behold, she watereth her linen with salt tears, and bewaileth herself because of much tribulation. But, lo! Help cometh from afar: a strong man bringeth lettuce wherewith to stay her, plucketh berries to comfort her withal, and clasheth cymbals that she may dance for joy."

The voice came from the porch, and, with her hope fulfilled, Nan looked up to greet John Lord, the house-friend, who stood there with a basket on his arm; and as she saw his honest eyes, kind lips, and helpful hands, the girl thought this plain young man the comeliest, most welcome sight she had beheld that day.

"How good of you, to come through all this heat, and not to laugh at my

despair!" she said, looking up like a grateful child, as she led him in.

"I only obeyed orders, Nan; for a certain dear old lady had a motherly presentiment that you had got into a domestic whirlpool, and sent me as a sort of life-preserver. So I took the basket of consolation, and came to fold my feet upon the carpet of contentment in the tent of friendship."

As he spoke, John gave his own gift in his mother's name, and bestowed himself in the wide window-seat, where morning-glories nodded at him, and the old butternut sent pleasant shadows dancing to and fro.

His advent, like that of Orpheus in hades, seemed to soothe all unpropitious powers with a sudden spell. The Fire began to slacken, the kettles began to lull, the meat began to cook, the irons began to cool, the clothes began to behave, the spirits began to rise, and the collar was finished off with most triumphant success. John watched the change, and, though a lord of creation, abased himself to take compassion on the weaker vessel, and was seized with a great desire to lighten the homely tasks that tried her strength of body and soul. He took a comprehensive glance about the room; then, extracting a dish from the closet, proceeded to imbrue his hands in the strawberries' blood.

"Oh, John, you needn't do that; I shall have time when I've turned the meat, made the pudding and done these things. See, I'm getting on finely now:--you're a judge of such matters; isn't that nice?"

As she spoke, Nan offered the polished absurdity for inspection with innocent pride.

"Oh that I were a collar, to sit upon that hand!" sighed John,--adding, argumentatively,

"As to the berry question, I might answer it with a gem from Dr. Watts, relative to 'Satan' and idle hands,' but will merely say, that, as a matter of public safety, you'd better leave me alone; for such is the destructiveness of my nature, that I shall certainly eat something hurtful, break something valuable, or sit upon something crushable, unless you let me concentrate my energies by knocking on these young

fellows' hats, and preparing them for their doom."

Looking at the matter in a charitable light, Nan consented, and went cheerfully on with her work, wondering how she could have thought ironing an infliction, and been so ungrateful for the blessings of her lot.

"Where's Sally?" asked John, looking vainly for the functionary who usually pervaded that region like a domestic police-woman, a terror to cats, dogs, and men.

"She has gone to her cousin's funeral, and won't be back till Monday. There seems to be a great fatality among her relations; for one dies, or comes to grief in some way, about once a month. But I don't blame poor Sally for wanting to get away from this place now and then. I think I could find it in my heart to murder an imaginary friend or two, if I had to stay here long."

And Nan laughed so blithely, it was a pleasure to hear her.

"Where's Di?" asked John, seized with a most unmasculine curiosity all at once.

"She is in Germany with 'Wilhelm Meister'; but, though 'lost to sight, to memory clear'; for I was just thinking, as I did her things, how clever she is to like all kinds of books that I don't understand at all, and to write things that make me cry with pride and delight. Yes, she's a talented dear, though she hardly knows a needle from a crowbar, and will make herself one great blot some of these days, when the 'divine afflatus' descends upon her, I'm afraid."

And Nan rubbed away with sisterly zeal at Di's forlorn hose and inky pocket-handkerchiefs.

"Where is Laura?" proceeded the inquisitor.

"Well, I might say that she was in Italy; for she is copying some fine thing of Raphael's or Michael Angelo's, or some great creatures or other; and she looks so picturesque in her pretty gown, sitting before her easel, that it's really a sight to behold, and I've peeped two or

three times to see how she gets on."

And Nan bestirred herself to prepare the dish wherewith her picturesque sister desired to prolong her artistic existence.

"Where is your father?" John asked again, checking off each answer with a nod and a little frown.

"He is down in the garden, deep in some plan about melons, the beginning of which seems to consist in stamping the first proposition in Euclid all over the bed, and then poking a few seeds into the middle of each. Why, bless the dear man! I forgot it was time for the cider. Wouldn't you like to take it to him, John? He'd love to consult you; and the lane is so cool, it does one's heart good to look at it."

John glanced from the steamy kitchen to the shadowy path, and answered with a sudden assumption of immense industry,--

"I couldn't possibly go, Nan,--I've so much on my hands. You'll have to do it yourself. 'Mr. Robert of Lincoln' has something for your private ear; and the lane is so cool, it will do one's heart good to see you in it. Give my regards to your father, and, in the words of 'Little Mabel's' mother, with slight variation,--

'Tell the dear old body  
This day I cannot run,  
For the pots are boiling over  
And the mutton isn't done.'"

"I will; but please, John, go in to the girls and be comfortable; for I don't like to leave you here," said Nan.

"You insinuate that I should pick at the pudding or invade the cream, do you? Ungrateful girl, leave me!" And, with melodramatic sternness, John extinguished her in his broad-brimmed hat, and offered the glass like a poisoned goblet.

Nan took it, and went smiling away. But the lane might have been the Desert of Sahara, for all she knew of it; and she would have passed her father as unconcernedly as if he had been an apple-tree, had he not



called out,--

"Stand and deliver, little woman!"

She obeyed the venerable highwayman, and followed him to and fro, listening to his plans and directions with a mute attention that quite won his heart.

"That hop-pole is really an ornament now, Nan; this sage-bed needs weeding,--that's good work for you girls; and, now I think of it, you'd better water the lettuce in the cool of the evening, after I'm gone."

To all of which remarks Nan gave her assent; the hop-pole took the likeness of a tall figure she had seen in the porch, the sage-bed, curiously enough, suggested a strawberry ditto, the lettuce vividly reminded her of certain vegetable productions a basket had brought, and the bobolink only sung in his cheeriest voice, "Go home, go home! he is there!"

She found John--he having made a free-mason of himself, by assuming her little apron--meditating over the partially spread table, lost in amaze at its desolate appearance; one half its proper paraphernalia having been forgotten, and the other half put on awry. Nan laughed till the tears ran over her cheeks, and John was gratified at the efficacy of his treatment; for her face had brought a whole harvest of sunshine from the garden, and all her cares seemed to have been lost in the windings of the lane.

"Nan, are you in hysterics?" cried Di, appearing, book in hand. "John, you absurd man, what are you doing?"

"I'm helpin' the maid of all work, please marm." And John dropped a curtsy with his limited apron.

Di looked ruffled, for the merry words were a covert reproach; and with her usual energy of manner and freedom of speech she tossed "Wilhelm" out of the window, exclaiming, irefully.--

"That's always the way; I'm never where I ought to be, and never think of anything till it's too late; but it's all Goethe's fault. What does

he write books full of smart 'Phillinas' and interesting 'Meisters' for? How can I be expected to remember that Sally's away, and people must eat, when I'm hearing the 'Harper' and little 'Mignon?' John, how dare you come here and do my work, instead of shaking me and telling me to do it myself? Take that toasted child away, and fan her like a Chinese mandarin, while I dish up this dreadful dinner."

John and Nan fled like chaff before the wind, while Di, full of remorseful zeal, charged at the kettles, and wrenched off the potatoes' jackets, as if she were revengefully pulling her own hair. Laura had a vague intention of going to assist; but, getting lost among the lights and shadows of Minerva's helmet, forgot to appear till dinner had been evoked from chaos and peace was restored.

At three o'clock, Di performed the coronation ceremony with her father's best hat; Laura retied his old-fashioned neckcloth, and arranged his white locks with an eye to saintly effect; Nan appeared with a beautifully written sermon, and suspicious ink-stains on the fingers that slipped it into his pocket; John attached himself to the bag; and the patriarch was escorted to the door of his tent with the triumphal procession which usually attended his out-goings and in-comings. Having kissed the female portion of his tribe, he ascended the venerable chariot, which received him with audible lamentation, as its rheumatic joints swayed to and fro.

"Good-bye, my dears! I shall be back early on Monday morning; so take care of yourselves, and be sure you all go and hear Mr. Emerboy preach to-morrow. My regards to your mother. John. Come, Solon!"

But Solon merely cocked one ear, and remained a fixed fact; for long experience had induced the philosophic beast to take for his motto the Yankee maxim, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead! He knew things were not right; therefore he did not go ahead.

"Oh, by the way, girls, don't forget to pay Tommy Mullein for bringing up the cow: he expects it to-night. And Di, don't sit up till daylight, nor let Laura stay out in the dew. Now, I believe I'm off. Come, Solon!"

But Solon only cocked the other ear, gently agitated his mortified

tail, as premonitory symptoms of departure, and never stirred a hoof, being well aware that it always took three "comes" to make a "go."

"Bless me! I've forgotten my spectacles. They are probably shut up in that volume of Herbert on my table. Very awkward to find myself without them ten miles away. Thank you, John. Don't neglect to water the lettuce, Nan, and don't overwork yourself, my little 'Martha.' Come--"

At this juncture Solon suddenly went off, like "Mrs. Gamp," in a sort of walking swoon, apparently deaf and blind to all mundane matters, except the refreshments awaiting him ten miles away; and the benign old pastor disappeared, humming "Hebron" to the creaking accompaniment of the bulgy chaise.

Laura retired to take her siesta; Nan made a small carbonaro of herself by sharpening her sister's crayons, and Di, as a sort of penance for past sins, tried her patience over a piece of knitting, in which she soon originated a somewhat remarkable pattern, by dropping every third stitch, and seaming ad libitum. If John had been a gentlemanly creature, with refined tastes, he would have elevated his feet and made a nuisance of himself by indulging in a "weed;" but being only an uncultivated youth, with a rustic regard for pure air and womankind in general, he kept his head uppermost, and talked like a man, instead of smoking like a chimney.

"It will probably be six months before I sit here again, tangling your threads and maltreating your needles, Nan. How glad you must feel to hear it!" he said, looking up from a thoughtful examination of the hard-working little citizens of the Industrial Community settled in Nan's work-basket.

"No, I'm very sorry; for I like to see you coming and going as you used to, years ago, and I miss you very much when you are gone, John," answered truthful Nan, whittling away in a sadly wasteful manner, as her thoughts flew back to the happy times when a little lad rode a little lass in a big wheelbarrow, and never spilt his load,--when two brown heads bobbed daily side by side to school, and the favorite play was "Babes in the Wood," with Di for a somewhat peckish robin to cover the small martyrs with any vegetable substance that lay at hand. Nan

sighed, as she thought of these things, and John regarded the battered thimble on his finger-tip with increased benignity of aspect as he heard the sound.

"When are you going to make your fortune, John, and get out of that disagreeable hardware concern?" demanded Di, pausing after an exciting "round," and looking almost as much exhausted as if it had been a veritable pugilistic encounter.

"I intend to make it by plunging still deeper into 'that disagreeable hardware concern;' for, next year, if the world keeps rolling, and John Lord is alive, he will become a partner, and then--and then--"

The color sprang up into the young man's cheek, his eyes looked out with a sudden shine, and his hand seemed involuntarily to close, as if he saw and seized some invisible delight.

"What will happen then, John?" asked Nan, with a wondering glance.

"I'll tell you in a year, Nan, wait till then." and John's strong hand unclosed, as if the desired good were not to be his yet.

Di looked at him, with a knitting-needle stuck into her hair, saying, like a sarcastic unicorn,--

"I really thought you had a soul above pots and kettles, but I see you haven't; and I beg your pardon for the injustice I have done you."

Not a whit disturbed, John smiled, as if at some mighty pleasant fancy of his own, as he replied,--

"Thank you, Di; and as a further proof of the utter depravity of my nature, let me tell you that I have the greatest possible respect for those articles of ironmongery. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent in their society; some of my pleasantest associations are connected with them; some of my best lessons have come to me among them; and when my fortune is made, I intend to show my gratitude by taking three flat-irons rampant for my coat of arms."

Nan laughed merrily, as she looked at the burns on her hand; but Di

elevated the most prominent feature of her brown countenance, and sighed despondingly,--

"Dear, dear, what a disappointing world this is! I no sooner build a nice castle in Spain, and settle a smart young knight therein, than down it comes about my ears; and the ungrateful youth, who might fight dragons, if he chose, insists on quenching his energies in a saucepan, and making a Saint Lawrence of himself by wasting his life on a series of gridirons. Ah, if I were only a man, I would do something better than that, and prove that heroes are not all dead yet. But, instead of that, I'm only a woman, and must sit rasping my temper with absurdities like this." And Di wrestled with her knitting as if it were Fate, and she were paying off the grudge she owed it.

John leaned toward her, saying, with a look that made his plain face handsome,--

"Di, my father began the world as I begin it, and left it the richer for the useful years he spent here,--as I hope I may leave it some half-century hence. His memory makes that dingy shop a pleasant place to me; for there he made an honest name, led an honest life and bequeathed to me his reverence for honest work. That is a sort of hardware, Di, that no rust can corrupt, and which will always prove a better fortune than any your knights can achieve with sword and shield. I think I am not quite a clod, or quite without some aspirations above money-getting; for I sincerely desire that courage that makes daily life heroic by self-denial and cheerfulness of heart; I am eager to conquer my own rebellious nature, and earn the confidence of innocent and upright souls; I have a great ambition to become as good a man and leave as good a memory behind me as old John Lord."

Di winked violently, and seamed five times in perfect silence; but quiet Nan had the gift of knowing when to speak, and by a timely word saved her sister from a thunder-shower and her stocking from destruction.

"John, have you seen Philip since you wrote about your last meeting with him?"

The question was for John, but the soothing tone was for Di, who

gratefully accepted it, and perked up again with speed.

"Yes; and I meant to have told you about it," answered John, plunging into the subject at once.

"I saw him a few days before I came home, and found him more disconsolate than ever,--' just ready to go to the Devil,' as he forcibly expressed himself. I consoled the poor lad as well as I could, telling him his wisest plan was to defer his proposed expedition, and go on as steadily as he had begun,--thereby proving the injustice of your father's prediction concerning his want of perseverance, and the sincerity of his affection. I told him the change in Laura's health and spirits was silently working in his favor, and that a few more months of persistent endeavor would conquer your father's prejudice against him, and make him a stronger man for the trial and the pain. I read him bits about Laura from your own and Di's letters, and he went away at last as patient as Jacob ready to serve another 'seven years' for his beloved Rachel."

"God bless you for it, John!" cried a fervent voice; and, looking up, they saw the cold, listless Laura transformed into a tender girl, all aglow with love and longing, as she dropped her mask, and showed a living countenance eloquent with the first passion and softened by the first grief of her life.

John rose involuntarily in the presence of an innocent nature whose sorrow needed no interpreter to him. The girl read sympathy in his brotherly regard, and found comfort in the friendly voice that asked, half playfully, half seriously,--

"Shall I tell him that he is not forgotten, even for an Apollo? that Laura the artist has not conquered Laura the woman? and predict that the good daughter will yet prove the happy wife?"

With a gesture full of energy, Laura tore her Minerva from top to bottom, while two great tears rolled down the cheeks grown wan with hope deferred.

"Tell him I believe all things, hope all things, and that I never can forget."